THE MEMORIAL SERVICES

All Iola Stopped Business for Four Hours Thursday and Paid Tribute to the Late President.

If the response to the call for a general observance of the funeral of William McKinley was as generous throughout the land as it was in Iola the like was never seen before. From 1 o'clock to 5 o'clock Iola was idle as she has never been before, and about the square business was as inactive as at 3 a. m. It was a generous, whole-souled observance that Iola people gave and it shows that the Iola heart is tender and right.

The exercises at the Methodist church were held according to the program printed. The G. A. R. post, the W. R. C. and the K. P.s formed in lined and marched to the church at 2:15 occupying the center section which had been reserved for them. Quiet, sad-faced, black dressed people occupied every available foot of space in the building until its capacity of about 1,000 was stretched to nearly ,200. The choir of some twenty-flet voices sang the President's favorie hymns and there was a hush in the church as if the casket containing the remains of the martyred President in fact rested close to the platform. Rev. Gillette read selected passages from the Bible containing promises held out to the good and noble.

(The following address was delivered by Chas. F. Scott at the M. E. Church in Iola, Thursday Sept. 19, 1901, and is printed here by request of the Ministerial Union, the Commander of McCook Post G. A. R., and many other citizens.)

"Life may be given in many ways
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is fate;
But then to stand beside her
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs."

Such a man was he for whom to-day a great nation "weeps with the passion of an angry grief", to whom we are gathered here, as all over the land our countrymen are gathered at this hour, to pay our tribute of praise and love and tears. A Prince has fallen in Israel,—a prince, not by the accident of birth or the favor of a king, but by the divine right of noble manhood, of devoted service to his country, of stainless honor,—and the people who loved him and whom he loved and served, are sick at heart with grief. Not alone because a great man has departed, but because a good man has been foully murdered, and because the bullet that struck him down was aimed through him at the life of the Nation. He died, not for any sin he had committed, not for any wrong he had done to any human being, but because he represented the government which we had instituted and of which we had chosen him the head. In a very real sense he died for us, for he gave his life for that which we all hold dearer than our lives. It is very fitting, then, that this day, which by a singular and sorrowful coincidence is the anniversary of the death of another of our Presidents who also fell by the hand of an assassin, should be set apart as a day of mourning and prayer, and that all the people should for a little while "leave their mirth and their employments" and should try to learn the lesson of this blameless and heroic life, the lesson of this tragic but sublime death.

We are not an emotional people, we Americans. The Anglo-Saxon blood is cool and the pulse is steady and not easily quickened. Only great deeds stir us, only great men command the homage of our remembrance. We have had few heroes. With a hundred and twenty-five years of national life crowded with great events, and marked by mighty struggles, few of the great actors have more than survived the generation in which they lived. We have had splendid leaders, gallant soldiers and wise statesmen, and we have not been ungenerous to them while they lived; yet when we stop to count them over how few are the names that come readily to the tongue. The history of the commonwealth in which we live does not compass even a third of our Nation's life time, yet who among us can name the dozen men who have been its governors? Who can recall the United States Senators who have represented us in that greatest parliamentary body in the world,—the United States Senate? Who can name the governors of even half a score of the States of our Union? Who can recall the presidents of the United States in the order of their administrations? The country has never lacked for distinguished and powerful leaders in field or forum, and in their day it has paid them fealty and homage; but their day was short, and only the student of history now remembers them or the work they did.

But there are some names that will never be forgotten. They rise almost unbidden to our lips when our mind's eye is directed toward the mountain tops of our country's history. Washington and the Adamses, Hamilton and Jefferson, Madison and Franklin, Clay, Webster, Sumner, Lincoln, Garfield, Blaine, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan. These so impressed the times, these so moulded and shaped the destiny of their country, these so directed legislation, these so promoted and enlightened public sentiment, these so stirred the hearts of the people that their work out-lived the limit of their lives, and their names are handed down from generation to generation as a precious legacy. To-day we add another name to the brief but shining list of our immortals. Yesterday that name belonged to a party; to-day and for all time, it belongs to the Nation; and the Nation will not let it die.

The life history of William McKinley has been recalled so fully to our minds during these past few days that we need not pause to review it in any detail here. We know that the blood of the Scotch reformer and the English Puritans and the Irish fighters was in his veins,—the blood which has carried the flag of the Saxon around the world and back again, which has whitened the seven seas with the Saxon sail, which has reddened every battle field where Freedom called for sacrifice. We know he had the happy fortune to be born to poverty,—that hard school wherein the weak are crushed with remorseless hand, but from which the strong come forth masters of fate. We know that when conscience and his country called he took his place in the ranks and answered "Here" as his forebears for a thousand years had done when conscience and their country called. And through the titanic struggle, that mighty drama which had half a continent for its stage, with three million men for its actors, with all the world for its spectators, with the clash of sabers and rattle of rifles and the thunder of cannon for its orchestral music, through all its lights and shadows we catch glimpses of the lithe, boyish figure,—in the ranks for the first fourteen months, and then as a staff officer with Hayes and Sheridan and Crook and Hancock, at South Mountain, at Cedar Creek, at Antietam,—always clear-eyed and cool, always doing a little more than his duty, winning by gallantry on the field of battle the promotions which before the war was over put him in command of a company and made him a major by brevet. We know the story of the trying years that followed, of the struggle for an education, of the slow beginning of a professional life, of the marriage to the lovely woman whose grief is in all our hearts to-day and whose name is in all our prayers, of the steady advancement in popular favor which industry and ability and conscience always command. And we know by heart the rest of the story,—the unexpected first election to Congress from a district which was supposed to have an overwhelming opposition majority, of his long and distinguished service in that great parliament, of his service as governor of his native state, of his election twice to the most exalted station on earth. It is a fascinating story and we love it and know it by heart.

But it is not the soldier, or the member of Congress, or the governor or the President that we wish to remember today: it is the MAN. What manner of man do we see through all these changing views?

First of all we see a true man.

TRUE TO HIS CONSCIENCE. For forty years he stood in the white lime light of public life, and now as the curtain falls his political opponents vie with his friends in paying tribute and bearing testimony to his blameless life, to his spotless honor. Not one voice is lifted to charge that he ever wronged any man, that he ever paltered with the truth, that he ever sacrificed principle for expediency, that he ever abused the many high trusts confided to him or used the great power he so long wielded for any other than noble and unselfish and patriotic ends. As nearly as can be conceived possible he realized the prayer of the poet for

"Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men whom the lust of office cannot kill;
Men who have opinions and a will,
Men who love honor and who will not lie."

TRUE TO HIS COUNTRY. Forty years ago,—to some it seems but yesterday,—the guns of Sumpter called him, and he answered "Here." Not waiting to see whether others would not fill the quota, not waiting for a commission, not waiting at all he took his place in the ranks and marched away with that mighty army which for four years shook the earth with its tread, the mighty army which made this in very truth the land of the free as it had always been the home of the brave. And as he had been true to his country in war, so he was true to it in peace. The peace of the republic, the prosperity of its people, the glory of its flag,—to these ends he planned and spoke and toiled unselfishly, tirelessly, incessantly. Scan the legislation of the past quarter of a century and note how many of the great measures, the measures which brought riches at home and respect abroad, bear his name, either as their originator or as their foremost advocate. He was true to his country.

TRUE TO HIS WIFE. To pry with curious and unfeeling eyes into this tender relationship, would be sacrilege. But surely when our eyes are wet with the tears of sympathy we may pause to pay our tribute to the loyalty and the tenderness and the infinite loving kindness with which for thirty years this great, true man fulfilled the vows made at the marriage altar. For many years after his name was known to all of us we knew nothing of his home life. But gradually we have come to learn how through all the busy years of successful work, of gratified ambition, the first thought of this strong man has been always of the frail woman whose weakness leaned constantly on his strength: how amid all the heavy cares which great power has laid upon him, his first and heaviest care has been for the comfort of the wife whom God had given him. And at the end, when the night had come, when the strong hands had grown helpless, when the true heart was fainting with utter weariness, when the loving eyes were closing for the long sleep, "In his last lucid moments," say the dispatches, "he comforted Mrs. McKinley." O, the true heart of him, that even in the last agony, with death's dew on his brow, with death's icy fingers clutching at his breast, his latest thought should be not of himself, but of her. "He comforted Mrs. McKinley." May God comfort her now!

TRUE TO HIS FRIENDS. The charge of broken faith, of the word given but forgotten or disregarded, is the charge most often made against men in public life. That charge was never made against William McKinley. Men who have known him longest and most intimately have borne witness that he never betrayed a friend. Who that saw it will ever forget that stirring scene in the National convention of 1888 when as chairman of the Ohio delegation, pale, but calm and determined, he hushed the cheers that were swelling for him, and with voice and manner from which there could be no appeal, stayed the tide that seemed certain to make him the nominee of the convention.

"I am here," he said, "As one of the chosen representatives of my State. I am here by resolution of the Republican State convention, commanding me to cast my vote for John Sherman for President, and to use every worthy endeavor to secure his nomination. I accepted the trust because my heart and judgment were in accord with the letter and spirit and purpose of that resolution. It has pleased certain delegates to cast their votes for me for President. I am not insensible of the honor they would do me. But in the presence of the duty resting upon me, I cannot remain silent with honor. I cannot consistently with the wishes of the State whose credentials I bear and which has trusted me: I cannot consistently with my own views of personal integrity consent, or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I would not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do or to permit to be done that which could even be ground for anyone to suspect that I wavered in my loyalty to Ohio, or in my devotion to the chief of her choice and the chief of mine. I do not request, I demand that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me."

And who that saw it will forget a similar and almost as dramatic a scene in the great convention four years later, when once again he put aside the honor the convention would have thrust upon him because his word was pledged to another. To no other man in all our history has it been given to twice refuse a presidential nomination; and few indeed have been those who would have thrust it aside because of loyalty to a friend.

First of all, then, in studying this great life, we see a true man.

And next, we see A STEADFAST MAN. Of all the splendid virtues which have characterized the Anglo-Saxon race and have given it dominion over the earth, no other is so conspicuous and of such commanding power as the virtue of steadfastness. It is the virtue which Paul inculcated when he rebuked the timid Ephesians for their cowardice and fickleness, when he bade them put on their bodies the breastplate of righteousness and on their feet the preparation of the gospel of peace, and on their heads the helmet of salvation, to gird up their loins with truth and to take in their hands the sword of the spirit, and then commanded them, having on the whole armor of God, to STAND. It is the virtue that put the quality of adamant into the soul of Martin Luther so that he stood before the angry hosts of Rome dauntless and undismayed, declaring: "Here I stand, God helping me; I can do nothing else." It was the virtue that made Cromwell Master of King and Parliament. It was the virtue that dictated the message of the old Commander: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." It is the virtue which made possible the career of William McKinley. Slowly and carefully, with much thought and reflection and after much hard study, he reached certain conclusions: and there he stayed. If the popular voice was with him, he was pleased. If popular clamor was against him he was not dismayed. Do you remember the flood tide of protest and denunciation which rose against the tariff bill which bore his name, and how it gathered force until it swept the bill and its author and his party into the sea of defeat? And do you remember how through all the wild tempest this man stood serene and confident, calmly waiting for the tide to turn? I have seen a pilot on a ship at sea in a storm. The wind was against him and the tide was against him, and now and again mountainous waves would sweep the deck of his vessel, filling his eyes with the blinding salt spray: but the pilot did not change his course. With his hand on the wheel and his eye on the compass he kept straight on. I always think of that picture when I recall the figure of William McKinley during the political storms of 1890 and 1892. The wind was against him and the tide was against him, but he kept straight on.

And in more recent years the country has had other proof of the steadfastness of this great captain. It is not so long ago but that we all remember the state of public feeling during those tense days that preceded the Spanish war. The American people are not at heart unreasonable, and they are not prone to lose their self-control. But they are generous in their sympathies, they are touched to the quick by needless suffering, by cruel oppression, by pillage, outrage and murder. And so it was not strange that they should be deeply moved by the cry for help that came from starving and stricken and outraged Cuba. Long before the storm broke over us the ominous and unmistakable mutterings could be heard. The press teemed with bitter denunciation of Spanish tyranny; the demand for intervention or for the instant recognition of the independence of Cuba was universal and insistent; the halls of Congress rang with appeals to prejudice and to partisan feeling. And then, when the awful tragedy came in the habor of Havana, when to indignation for the wrongs inflicted upon another was added the cry of vengeance for wrongs inflicted upon ourselves, do we not all recall how the whole Nation demanded an instant declaration of war? A weak man in the President's chair would have yielded to the clamor, and we all know now how in that event the war would have been prolonged and our losses in lives and property immeasurably increased. But thank God, there was not a weak man in the President's chair. A strong man was there, a man with the iron of the Puritans and the Protestants in his veins, a steadfast man, self-reliant, God-fearing, loving peace and knowing the horrors of war. And how our eyes fill with tears now as we remember how serene he stood in all that tempest, patient, uncomplaining, unmoved by the clamor, exhausting the resources of diplomacy to avert the war, utilizing day and night the exhaustless resources of his country to prepare for war if war must come. O, it is a splendid picture we have in our mind's eye as we recall those days, the picture of a grave, strong man, laying his steady hand upon the excited and feverish hand of a great nation and saying "Wait, Wait!" What disasters and defeats he saved us from we do not know. We only know that he was wise and patient and we thank God for his steadfastness.

HE WAS A GENTLE MAN. It has been common to hear him spoken of, as a good politician. And so he was!—the most adroit party leader, the most accomplished master of men this country has ever known. Note that I say "master of men," and the term is used advisedly, for not one of our Presidents, not Andrew Jackson or Abraham Lincoln, ever more completely mastered the men with whom he was associated in government. The charge so often made in the unthinking rancor of partisan discussion, that President McKinley was a mere appendage of stronger men, a nerveless tool which they used at their will, had so little foundation in fact that those who knew the truth answered it only with a smile. Amenable to advice and grateful for suggestion, he surely was, as all great and modest men are. But in the end the court of his own judgment and conscience was for him the court of last resort, from whose decision there was no appeal. And this man mastered not only his own political partisans, but his politican opponents as well. In the closing hours of the last congress, when the question was upon the adoption of the resolutions defining the future relations that should exist between this country and Cuba, I stood upon the floor of the Senate and heard a Democratic Senator appeal for an hour to his party colleagues to stand with him and defeat the resolutions, and one after another they turned their backs upon him and left the chamber. It was understood that the resolutions embodied the President's policy, and not five men in all that body could be rallied to oppose it.

What was the secret of this power, the power over men which rallied his own party in a solid and harmonious phalanx about him while it carried demoralization into the ranks of his opponents? The secret was this: He was a gentle man. He was wise and farsighted, it is true, and the soundness of his conclusions appealed to the intelligence of men. But his gentleness appealed to the hearts of men, and that is the appeal that wins. While intense in his loyalty to the party of his choice, William McKinley never forgot that he was president of the whole country, and so he consulted not the leaders of his own party merely, but the leaders of all the parties. And he treated them with such sincerity, such deference, such simple candor and good will, that their hearts were won even if their judgment was not convinced. Let us reflect a moment and we will see that no greater test has come to any man in all our history, save only one, than came to this man. Recall the conditions that existed when he was first elected, the depression, the discontent, the actual distress, the sincere belief in the minds of millions of his countrymen that his election meant almost irretrievable ruin; recall the Spanish war and the war in the Philippines and all the new and perplexing and tremendously important problems they presented. Is it conceivable that a cold-hearted man, a selfish and arrogant man, even though proposing precisely the measures that have been proposed, could have carried them to successful conclusion? Ah no, it was the heart that won, repeating the age long story. For

"As long as the grass shall be growing
And as long as the rivers run,
The hearts shall forever be winning
As hearts have forever won."

HE WAS A MAN OF THE PEOPLE. "What is your secret, Mr. President," a Kansas man said to him not long ago, with frank audacity. "You have made no mistakes. You have proposed no measure that you have not been able to carry through. How have you done it?" And smiling quietly at the audacity the President replied: "It has been easy. I have simply listened to the people and have tried to do what I knew they wanted done. The people are the real leaders. The American people, when they have taken a sober second thought, are the safest counsellors." And that was not the affected modesty of a man who really feels himself above the people. It was the sincere expression of a confidence in the integrity, the good sense and the patriotism of his countrymen to which all his public acts bore witness. In Washington it was easier to reach the President that it was to reach his private secretary. And when you reached him you found a man so modest in his bearing, so cordial in his greeting, so direct and unaffected in his conversation that you found it difficult to realize that you were standing in the presence of a man who occupied the most exalted station that is attainable by any man upon this earth. He trusted the people absolutely. And the bitterest drop in the bitter cup that we drain to-day is the thought that he trusted them too much; that in all these eighty millions there should one be found with soul so envenomed, with heart so seared and calloused that he could betray that sacred confidence. One of the reasons why we loved him was because he trusted us. We were proud to have him feel that he could go in and out among us unguarded and unafraid. And to think that even in the very midst of us, as he stood among the people, giving his hand to them in familiar and friendly greeting, he should be stricken down! Oh, the pity of it! Oh, the black shame and sorrow of it!

And last and greatest of all, we see in this man a man who feared God and kept his commandments. Becoming a member of the Methodist church when a mere boy, his whole life bore testimony to his faith in the Christian religion. Not a passive conventional faith, but an active living faith, the faith that lays hold on the promises of God and lives by them. Aye, and dies by them, for with his dying breath he whispered, "It is God's will; His will, not ours be done."

And so the lessons we learn from this beautiful life are the lessons of fidelity to conscience, to country, to family, to friends; of loyalty to the people and to the institutions they have built; of gentleness; of steadfastness and endurance; of faith in God. The President is dead, but the example of that high and blameless life will remain with us, a splendid and priceless heritage, an incentive, an inspiration and a benediction.

Of the unutterable and dastardly crime by which this woe was brought upon us, this is not the time or place to speak at length. Let it be enough to say that every American worthy of the name execrates it and all the authors of it from the bottom of his soul. Accursed forever of God and man is the savage and bloodthirsty deed which has draped all our land in mourning, and the desire of every honest heart must be that not only the fiend who did it, but all whose utterances inspired it, all who gave it aid, and all who sympathize with it in any degree, shall be made to feel the awful force of an outraged public opinion.

Of the dastard who did the deed, let no word be said. Let his name rot.

But let the lesson of it all be remembered forever. The lesson that freedom ends, aye, that life must end, where treason begins. The bullet that struck down the President was aimed, not at William McKinley. It was aimed at the government of the United States, and the man who fired it was as much a traitor as the man who fired on Sumpter. Our statutes have not yet defined it so, but the definition must be reconstructed. It must be written into our laws that an assault upon the life of a representative of our government because he represents our government, or the utterance, by tongue or pen, of doctrines which suggest and encourage such assault, is treason. Let us not fear that free speech or a free press will thus be put in danger. A hundred years of free self-government has made it easy for us to draw the line between legitimate criticism of public officials and public policies, and seditious assaults upon the government itself. That line must be drawn. The law is for the lawless, and those who are law abiding need not fear it. The law against larceny does not harm the man who does not steal. A law which closes the gates of Castle Garden against an avowed anarchist, which drives from our borders those already here, which prohibits the utterance of an anarchistic speech or the publication of anarchistic literature and which punishes with death an attack upon the life of the President, whether the attack results fatally or not, will put no restraint upon the man who has not treason and murder in his heart. And such laws must be passed. Self-defense, the first law of nature, applies to nations as well as to individuals. This nation must defend itself no less against the bullet of the secret assassin than against guns of the open enemy. Anarchy must be crushed out.

It is meet that on such an occasion as this we should study the lessons of the life that is ended, and that we should pledge one another that this death should not have been died in vain.

And yet, and yet, all this cannot comfort us. Through it all we see the black trappings of a Nation's woe, we hear the knell of funeral bells and the wail of muffled drums, and in our hearts the words are saying themselves over and over again, "The President is dead. The President is dead." Dead in the prime and pride of his life: when all the anxieties and perplexities of his administration seemed ended, all its hard problems solved, all its rocks and shoals passed: when all the remaining way seemed pleasantness and peace. Dead at the very crown and summit of his career, when his life seemed most secure, when all the world seemed to wish him well, when all his countrymen seemed united in their love and reverence for him, when the happiest and serenest and most peaceful years of his life seemed awaiting him. Dead, and we needed him so. Dead, and and we loved him so.

What can we say? Whither shall we turn for comfort? Where should we go but to the everlasting Book: the book which through all the ages has been the balm of hurt minds, the healing of sore hearts, the Book which nerved the arm of Cromwell and his Ironsides, which sustained the Pilgrim fathers in their wide wanderings, which has led this mighty Nation in its fight for freedom from Lexington to San Juan Hill, which was the rock upon which our dead President rested his faith? Whither shall we turn for comfort but to the Book wherein it stands written for a perpetual tribute and memorial to all heroic souls: "He hath fought a good fight, he hath finished his course, he hath kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for him the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to all them who love his appearing." "And Enoch walked with God: and he was not, for God took him."

After the address there was another hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," then a benediction and people went home, but the sadness clung to the town even in the homes.

Samuel Trimble of Bayard has a span of young mules to trade for stock cattle, not particular what kind. Age of mules two years.